



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COSY" etc.
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1—Matthew Blacklock, who tells the story, gives something of his history, rising from bootblack to a high financier.

CHAPTER 2—Describes events two and a half years before Wild West. The reader makes the acquaintance of Henry J. Roebuck, financier and philanthropist.

CHAPTER 3—Enter "the woman." Blacklock meets Anita Ellersley through her brother Sam, whom Blacklock has helped by giving straight tips on the market.

CHAPTER 4—Blacklock desires to enter "respectable society," so he goes into training and applies for membership in the exclusive Travelers' club.

CHAPTER 5—Blacklock commences to scent trouble for him with Mowbray Langdon as a conspirator. Langdon is another chief of high finance.

CHAPTER 6—Blacklock confesses that he wants to be married.

CHAPTER 7—Blacklock goes into training for his introduction to society.

CHAPTER 8—On the trail of Langdon. CHAPTER 9—Langdon at home. Langdon and his wife are not happy.

CHAPTER 10—Shows what a hypocrite Henry J. Roebuck is.

CHAPTER 11—Blacklock attends a dinner at the home of Anita's father and is met with a cold reception by the young lady.

CHAPTER 12—He takes the Ellersley family to the theater.

CHAPTER 13—Blacklock proposes to Anita Ellersley and is accepted. Joy on the part of the mother, who insisted that Anita should accept Blacklock simply because he has money and the Ellersley finances are low.

CHAPTER 14—Roebuck lures Blacklock into a stock deal in order to "trim" him.

CHAPTER 15—Blacklock is trapped and "trimmed."

CHAPTER 16—Blacklock finds himself long on Textile Common and when he hears that the market is going against him and ruin stares him in the face he makes his friend, Robert Corey, president of the Interstate Trust company, loan him money to tide him over.

CHAPTER 17—Blacklock dines at Delmonico's with Sam Ellersley and decides to withdraw his application for membership in the Travelers' club. He visits Anita after dinner and tells her of his financial distress. She shows herself to be a different sort of woman than Blacklock had

good things and bad, but in their hearts wonder and laugh at people willing to part with large sums of money for a little paint or marble or the like.

As soon as Joe thought he had sufficiently impressed young Melville, he drifted him to a roulette table, left him there and joined me.

"Come to my office," said he. "I want to see you."

He led the way down the richly-carpeted marble stairway as far as the landing at the turn. There, on a sort of mezzanine, he had a gorgeous little suit. The principal object in the sitting-room or office was a huge safe. He closed and locked the outside door behind us.

"Take a seat," said he. "You'll like the cigars in the second box on my desk—the long one." And he began turning the combination lock. "You haven't dropped in on us for the past three or four months," he went on.

"No," said I, getting a great deal of pleasure out of seeing again, and thus intimately, his round, ruddy face—like a yachtman's, not like a drinker's—and his shifty, laughing brown eyes. "The game down town has given me enough excitement. I haven't had to continue it up town to keep my hand in."

"I've noticed that you are getting too well to patronize us fellows," said he, his shrewd smile showing that my polite excuse had not fooled him. "Well, Matt, you're right—you always did have good sound sense and a steady eye for the main chance. I used to think the women'd ruin you, they were so crazy about that handsome mug and figure of yours. But when I saw you knew exactly when to let go, I knew nothing could stop you."

By this time he had the safe open, disclosing several compartments and a small, inside safe. He worked away at the second combination lock, and presently exposed the interior of the little safe. It was filled with a great roll of bills. He pried this out, brought it over to the desk and began wrapping it up. "I want you to take this with you when you go," said he. "I've made several big killings lately, and I'm going to get you to invest the proceeds."

"I can't take that big bundle along with me, Joe," said I. "Besides, it ain't safe. Put it in the bank and send me a check."

"Not on your life," replied Healey with a laugh. "The suckers we trimmed gave checks, and I turned 'em into cash as soon as the banks opened. I wasn't any too spry, either. Two of the damned sneaks consulted lawyers as soon as they sobered off, and tried to stop payment on their checks. They're threatening proceedings. You must take the dough away with you, and I don't want a receipt."

"Trimming suckers, eh?" said I, not able to decide what to do. "Their fathers stole it from the public," he explained. "They're drunken little snobs, not fit to have money. I'm doing a public service by relieving them of it. If I'd a got more, I'd feel that much more—he vented his light, cool, sarcastic laugh—"more patriotic."

"I can't take it," said I, feeling that in my present condition, to take it would be very near to betraying the confidence of my old friend.

"They lost it in a straight game," he hastened to assure me. "I haven't had a 'brace' box or crooked wheel for four years." This with a sober face and a twinkle in his eye. "But even if I had helped chance to do the good work of teaching them to take care of their money, you'd not refuse me. Up town and down town, and all over the place, what's business, when you come to look at it sensibly, but trading stolen goods? Do you know a man who could honestly earn more than ten or twenty thousand a year—good clean money by good clean work?"

"Oh, for that matter, your money's as clean as anybody's," said I. "But you know I'm a speculator, Joe. I have my downs—and this happens to be a stormy time for me. If I take your money, I mayn't be able to account for it or even to pay dividends on it for—maybe a year or so."

"It's all right, old man. I'll never give it a thought till you remind me of it. Use it as you'd use your own. I've got to put it behind somebody's luck—why not yours?"

He finished doing up the package, then he seated himself, and we both looked at it through the smoke of our cigars.

"It's just as easy to deal in big sums as in little, in large matters as in small, isn't it, Joe," said I, "once one gets in the way of it?"

"Do you remember—away back there—the morning," he asked musingly—"the last morning—you and I got up from the straw in the stables over at Jerome Park—the stables they let us sleep in?"

"And went out in the dawn to roost on the rails and spy on the speed trials of old Revell's horses?"

"Exactly," said Joe, and we looked at each other and laughed. "We in rage—gosh, how chilly it was that morning! Do you remember what we

SAVED HIMSELF

"No," said I, though I did. "I was proposing to turn a crooked trick—and you wouldn't have it. You persuaded me to keep straight, Matt. I've never forgotten it. You kept me straight—showed me what a fool a man was to load himself down with a petty larceny record. You made a man of me, Matt. And then those good looks of yours caught the eye of that bookmaker's girl, and he gave you a job at writing sheet—and you worked me in with you."

So long ago it seemed, yet near and real, too, as I sat there, conscious of every sound and motion, even of the fantastic shapes taken by our up-curling smoke. How far I was from the "rall bird" of those happy-go-lucky years, when a meal meant quite as much to me as does a million now—how far from all that, yet how near, too. For was I not still facing life with the same careless courage, forgetting each yesterday in the eager excitement of each new day with its new deal? We went on in our reminiscences for a while; then, as Joe had a little work to do, I drifted out into the house, took a bite of supper with young Melville, had a little go at the tiger, and toward five in the clear June morning emerged into the broad day of the streets, with the precious bundle under my arms and a five hundred dollar bill in my waistcoat pocket.

"Give my win to me in a single bill," I said to the banker, "and blow yourself off with the change."

Joe walked down the street with me—for companionship and a little air before turning in, he said, but I imagine a desire to keep his eye on his treasure a while longer had something to do with his taking that early morning stroll. We passed several of those forlorn figures that hurry through the slowly-awakening streets to bed or to work. Finally, there came by an old, old woman—a scrub woman, I guess, on her way home from cleaning some office building. Beside her was a thin little boy, hopping along on a crutch. I stopped them.

"Hold out your hand," said I to the boy, and he did. I laid the five hundred dollar bill over that. "Now, shut your fingers tight over that," said I, "and don't open them till you get home. Then tell your mother to do what she likes with it." And we left them gazing after us, speechless before this fairy story come true.

"You must be looking hard for luck to-day," said Joe, who understood this transaction where another might have thought it a showy and not very wise charity. "They'll stop in at the church and pray for you, and burn a candle."

"I hope so," said I, "for God knows I need it."

XIX.

A BREATHING SPELL. Langdon, after several years of effort, had got recognition for textile in London, but that was about all. He hadn't succeeded in unloading any great amount of it on the English. So it was rather because I neglected nothing than because I was hopeful of results that I had made a point of telegraphing to London news of my proposed suit. The result was a little trading in textiles over there and a slight decline in the price. This fact was telegraphed to all the financial centers on this side of the water, and reinforced the impression my lawyers' announcement and my own "bear" letter were making.

Still, this was nothing, or next to it. What could I hope to avail against Langdon's agents with almost unlimited capital, putting their whole energy under the stock to raise it? In the same newspapers that published my bear attack, in the same columns and under the same headlines, were official denials from the textile trust and the figures of enormous increase of business as proof positive that the denials were honest. If the public had not been burned so many times by "industrialists," if it had not learned by bitter experience that practically none of the leaders of finance and industry were above lying to make or save a few dollars, if textiles had not been manipulated so often, first by Dumont and since his death by his brother-in-law and successor, this suave and cynical Langdon, my desperate attack would have been without effect. As it was—

Four months before, in the same situation, had I seen textiles stagger as they staggered in the first hour of business on the stock exchange that morning, I'd have sounded the charge, clapped spurs to my charger, and borne down upon them. But—I had my new-born yearning for "respectability." I had my new-born squeamishness, which led me to fear risking Bob Corey and his bank and the money of my old friend Healey; finally, there was Anita—the longing for her that made me prefer a narrow and uncertain foothold to the bold leap that would land me either in wealth and power or in the bottomless abyss.

Instead of continuing to sell textiles, I covered as far as I could; and I bought so eagerly and so heartily that, more than Langdon's corps of rocketeers, I was responsible for the stock's rally and start upward. When I say "eagerly" and "heartily" I do not mean that I acted openly or without regard to common sense. I mean simply that I made no attempt to back up my followers in the selling campaign I had urged them into; on the contrary, I bought as they sold. That does not sound well, and it is no better than it sounds. I shall not dispute any one who finds this action of mine a betrayal of my clients to save myself. All I shall say is that it was business, that in such extreme and dire compulsion as was mine, it was—and is—right under the code

the private and real Wall street code.

You can imagine the confused mass of transactions in which I was involved before the stock exchange had been open long. There was the stock we had been able to buy or get options on at various prices, between the closing of the exchange the previous day and that morning's opening—stock from all parts of this country and in England. There was the stock I had been buying since the exchange opened—buying at figures ranging from one-eighth above last night's closing price to fourteen points above it. And, on the debit side, there were over a period of nearly two months—"sellings" of blocks large and small at a hundred different prices.

An inextricable tangle, you will say, one it would be impossible for a man to unravel quickly and in the frantic chaos of a wild stock exchange day. Yet the influence of the mysterious state of my nerves, which I have described above, was so marvelous that, incredible though it seems, the moment the exchange closed, I knew exactly where I stood.

Like a mechanical lightning calculator, my mind threw up before me the net result of these selling and buying transactions. Textile common closed eighteen points above the closing quotation of the previous day; if Langdon's brother had not been just a little indiscreet, I should have been as hopeless a bankrupt in reputation and in fortune as ever was ripped up by the bulls of Wall street.

As it was, I believed that, by keeping a bold front, I might extricate and free myself when the coal reorganization was announced. The rise of coal stocks would square my debts—and, as I was apparently untouched by the textile flurry, so far as even Ball, my nominal partner and chief lieutenant, knew, I need not fear pressure from creditors that I could not withstand. I could not breathe freely, but I could breathe.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Physicians and scientists agree that the less medicine one swallows, the better. It is in keeping with this idea that Hyomei is recommended by leading physicians throughout this and other catarrhal sections.

When this treatment is used in catarrhal troubles, there is no stomach dosing, for the medicine is taken in with the air you breathe, and goes right to the spot where the catarrhal germs are present, healing the inflamed and irritated mucous membrane, killing the disease germs and entering the blood with the oxygen, driving all catarrhal germs from the system.

Do not try to cure catarrh of the head by putting emedicine into your stomach,—this is neither a scientific nor common-sense treatment. Breathe the healing balsams of Hyomei and in a few days you will notice relief and its continued use will result in a complete and lasting cure.

Hooper Drug Co. have seen so many cures made by Hyomei amongst their customers, several of them cases where all hope of relief had been given up, that they give an absolute guarantee of cure, or money will be refunded, with every outfit they sell.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but \$1.00 while extra bottles of Hyomei if needed are only 50 cents.

ELLINWOOD.

From the Leader, Oct. 25

John Treutner is back from the Santa Fe hospital at Topeka, much improved in health.

Mrs. John Lies and daughter of Wheaton, Ill., are here on a visit to old Ellinwood friends.

Mrs. S. K. Smith of Ohio, left Saturday for the east, after a two weeks visit with her cousin, W. N. Halsey and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hinderliter returned Monday from Smithfield, Ill., where they have been visiting Mrs. Hinderliter's parents, for the past three weeks.

C. L. Bacon received a telegram today that his mother, Mrs. Jane Bacon, died this morning at five minutes past two o'clock, at Olympia, Wash. Deceased was 86 years of age.

Louis Voigt and family were up from Preston the past week. Louis attended the Voigt-Schneider wedding south of the Bend last week, and then came on for a short visit with John Komarek and Albert Peters and their families.

The following election officers have been named for his precinct: Judges, Chas. Q. Archer, Aug. Schreppel and Geo. Doer, Clerks,

Gus Kienzle and J. H. Torrance. The polls will be at the city council room and will be open from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

CLAFLIN.

From the Clarion Oct. 25.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ficker, on Monday, October 8, a girl.

Mrs. E. O. Ball received the sad news this week of the death of her mother at Topeka.

Lenora and Clara Grizzell have gone to Boston where they will enter a school of oratory.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Moran left Tuesday morning for a month's visit at Oklahoma City, Okla.

Fred Galyart is erecting a big barn on his farm in Cleveland township. It will be 30x42 feet in size.

The first number of the Claflin lyceum course will be given at the opera hall on Friday night November 2.

F. W. Dolechek returned from his farm in western Kansas Tuesday night to spend a few days with his family.

Chas. McLean came up from Dodge City Saturday evening and will spend about two weeks in this vicinity threshing.

J. L. Walker received the sad news this morning that his father in Washington, D. C. is very ill and his recovery is doubtful.

Last Saturday H. E. Hill was called to the bedside of his aged father who is suffering an attack of pneumonia at his home in Olathe.

Jas. McLean and wife who have been visiting the former's brothers Albert and Charles, the past few weeks, left Tuesday for Peabody, where another brother resides.

On election day, November 6, the Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church will serve lunch, consisting of oysters, sandwiches and coffee, in the Evans building on North Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Herthel, Sr., left Tuesday morning for Broken Arrow, I. T., where they will spend a week visiting the family of their daughter, Mrs. J. A. Barth.

PAWNEE ROCK.

From the Herald, Oct. 25.

The M. E. parsonage is being remodeled this week.

Mrs. Vosburg is building a new residence in the west part of the city.

H. O. Way and family returned Sunday night, after a months vacation.

Work was commenced this morning on a cement sidewalk in the school yard.

Miss Regina Unruh went to Great Bend yesterday, where she will study music.

W. S. Payton arrived in our city Tuesday from Arkansas and is visiting relatives here.

Rev. Guy E. Konkel arrived in our city Friday for a short visit with relatives. He left last evening for his home in Georgetown, Colorado.

Bethel Flick arrived Monday noon from the eastern part of the state, where he has been with the Hall wagon show as band leader, during the past season.

The winter social season was certainly opened in a very auspicious manner Tuesday evening by Miss Golda McDougal who gave a birthday anniversary party at the home of her parents in this city.

Rev. H. M. Gilmore returned Saturday evening from Topeka, where he had been to attend the funeral of his mother. His father accompanied him home and will probably make this his home this winter.

On the evening of October seventeenth, a very pretty home wedding was celebrated in our city at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith. The contracting parties were Miss Daisy Smith and Mr. Edmund Houdyshell both well and favorably known to this community.

Don't forget that the laws of Kansas make 70 pounds the legal bushel for ear corn on and after November 1. It is the practice of some of the mills and buyers to ask more until well along in the month. Most of the shrink in husked corn will occur between the time it is cribbed and January 1, and buyers like to get as much as possible for a bushel, as long as possible.

Robert Merten is improving his residence property on west Forest Avenue by the construction of concrete walks about the place.



Head Ache Sometimes?

If so, it will interest you to know that it can be stopped with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills; and without any bad after-effects, and this without danger of forming a drug habit or having your stomach disarranged. They positively contain no opium, morphine, cocaine, chloral, ether or chloroform in any form. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain, and leave only a sense of relief. The reason for this is explained by the fact that headache comes from tired, irritable, turbulent, over-taxed brain nerves. Anti-Pain Pills soothe and strengthen these nerves, thus removing the cause. They are harmless when taken as directed.

"We use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for the cure of headache, and we think that there is nothing that will equal them. They will cure the severest spell of nervous or sick headache in a very few minutes. I am of a nervous temperament, and occasionally have spells when my nerves seem to be completely exhausted, and I tremble so I can scarcely contain myself. At these times I always take the Anti-Pain Pills, and they quiet me right away. It is remarkable what a soothing effect they have upon the nerves."

MRS. F. E. KARR, Detroit, Mich.
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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"SHE BLAZED A LOOK AT ME THAT LEFT ME ROOTED THERE, ASTOUNDED."

ing poker in a private room—and a couple of flush-faced, flush-pursed chaps from out of town, for whom one of Joe's men was dealing faro from what looked to my experienced and accurate eye like a "brace" box.

Joe, very elegant, too elegant in fact, in evening dress, was showing a new piece of statuary to the oldest son of Melville, of the National Industrial bank. Joe knew a little something about art—he was much like the art dealers who, as a matter of business, learn the difference between